

GOLD
KEY

TOP CAT

12c

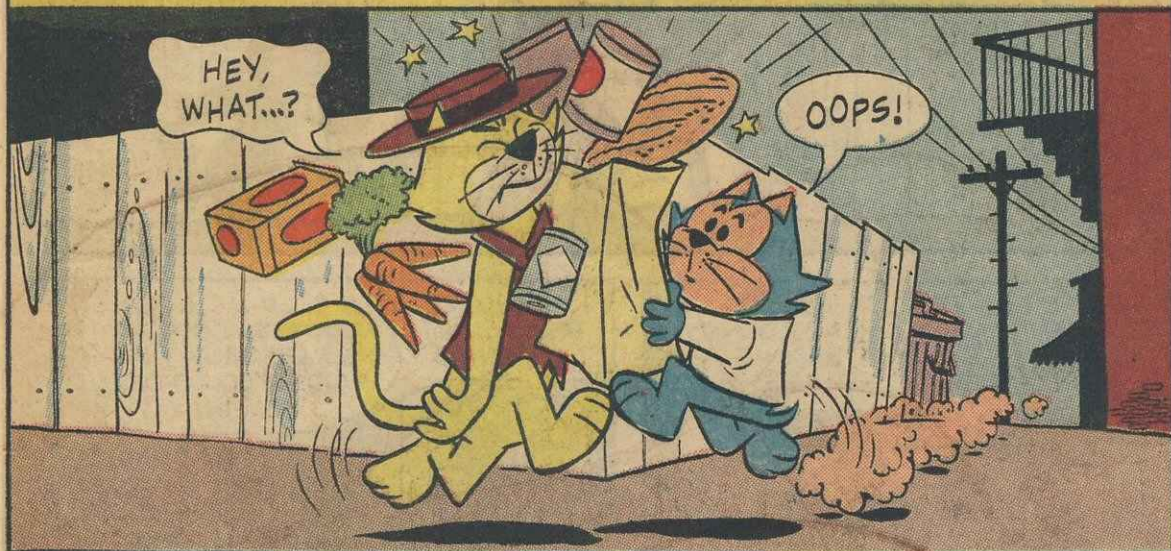
HANNA-BARBERA

Top Cat

10064-504
APRIL



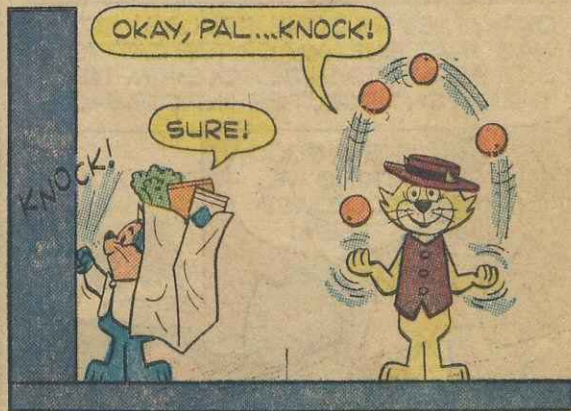
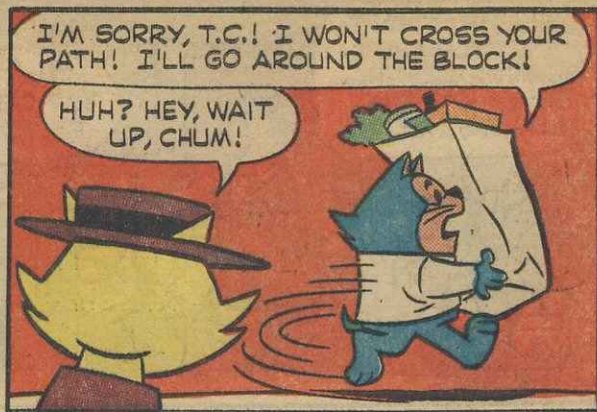
STAR STRUCK



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AND THEN...

BOY, WE SURE
WOWED HIM,
HUH, BOYS?

HE WAS ALMOST
SPEECHLESS!

HI YA, FELLAS! WHERE HAVE YOU
BEEN? BENNY AND I HAVE NEWS
FOR YOU... WE'RE **BOTH**
GOING TO HOLLYWOOD!

CORRECTION,
T.C.! WE'RE **ALL**
GOING! HOW'S
THAT FOR
NEWS?

YOU
MEAN...?

YEP, WE DID OUR TUMBLING ACT FOR
HIM AND HE FLIPPED!

WE ALSO TOLD
HIM WE WERE
FRIENDS OF
BENNY'S

OH, BENNY...THERE'S A
MR. FILMORE ON THE
PHONE! HE WANTS TO
SPEAK TO YOU!

HUH?

THAT'S IT, FELLAS! WE'D BETTER
GET PACKED! HE MUST BE TELLING
BENNY TO GET READY TO
LEAVE FOR HOLLYWOOD!

WOW!

So...

HI, BENNY! I
PACKED YOUR
THINGS, TOO!
WHAT DID
HE SAY?

HE SAID WE COULD
COME BY HIS ROOM AND
PICK UP THE TICKETS...
BUT I TOLD HIM WE WERE
READY TO LEAVE SO HE
SAID HE'D MEET US AT
THE AIRPORT!



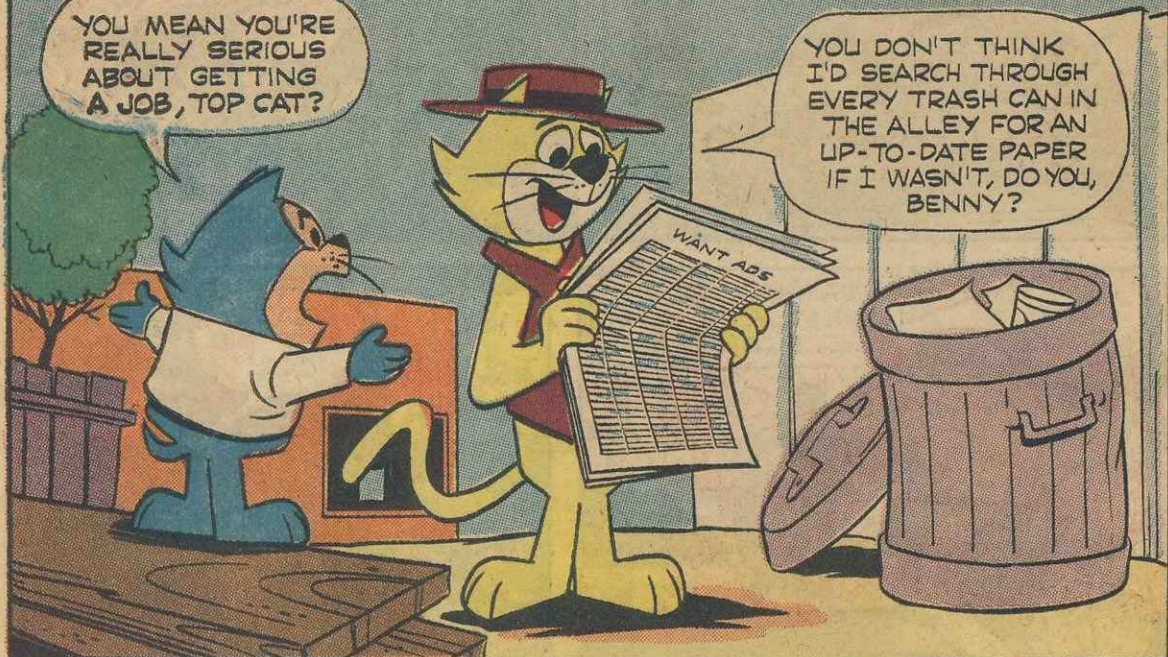


Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT

A COOL SALE

YOU MEAN YOU'RE
REALLY SERIOUS
ABOUT GETTING
A JOB, TOP CAT?

YOU DON'T THINK
I'D SEARCH THROUGH
EVERY TRASH CAN IN
THE ALLEY FOR AN
UP-TO-DATE PAPER
IF I WASN'T, DO YOU,
BENNY?



AH, HERE'S TODAY'S WANT ADS...
HMM...THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING!

"WANTED...YOUNG MAN TO TRAVEL
AND SELL REFRIGERATORS!"

THAT SOUNDS
COOL, T.C.!



WISH ME LUCK, BENNY...
I AM ABOUT TO BECOME
A TRAVELING SALESMAN!

GOOD LUCK,
TOP CAT!

THEN... OH, YES...THAT JOB IS STILL
AVAILABLE! ARE YOU FREE
TO TRAVEL?

JUST GIMME
AN ICEBOX
AND I'LL BE ON
MY WAY, BOSS!
WHERE DO YOU
WANT ME TO GO?



LATER...

I WOULD
GET THE
NORTHERN
TERRITORY!



WELL, I'D BETTER GET BUSY
BEFORE I FREEZE SOLID!



AH, I PRESUME YOU MUST
BE THE LADY OF THE HOUSE!
COULD I INTEREST YOU IN
A NICE ICEBOX?

ZIPPY
ZOOKA!



HOT DOG! AT LEAST SHE
DIDN'T SAY "SCRAM"!



WHERE'S YOUR KITCHEN, LADY?
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS!

ZIPPY
ZOOKA!

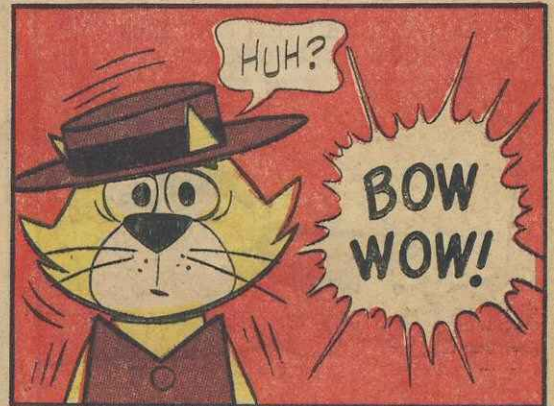


BOY, I WISH
I'D STUDIED
ESKIMO
WHEN I WAS
IN SCHOOL!



I THINK SHE
WANTS TO KNOW
THE PRICE
FIRST!



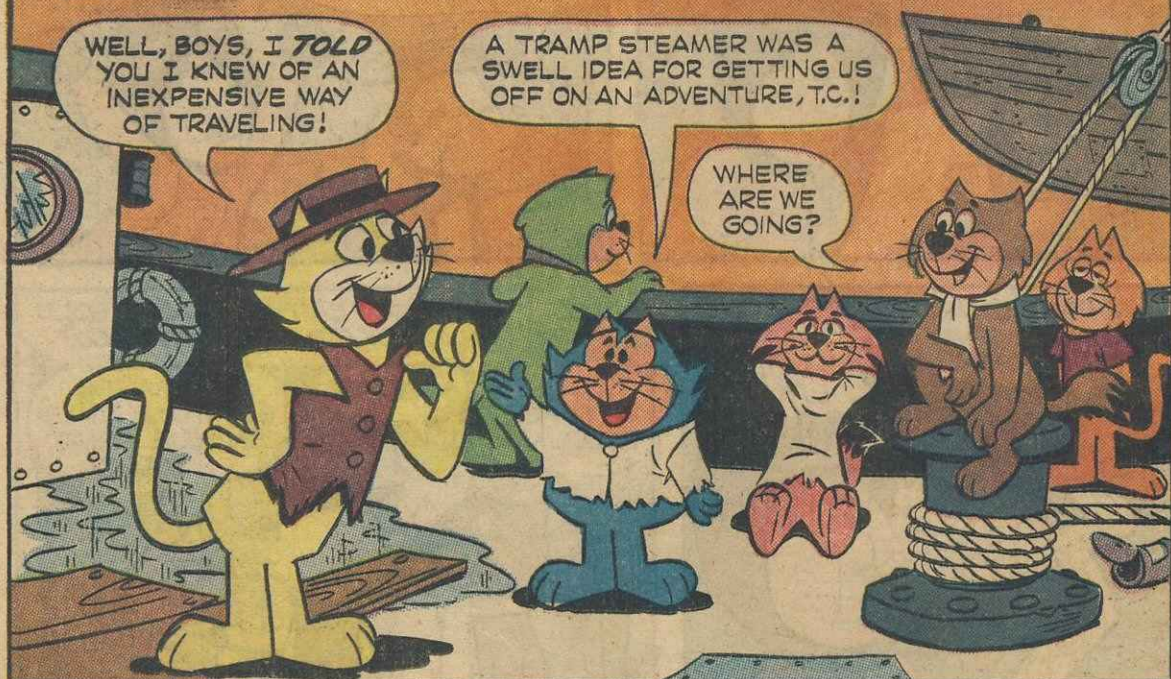


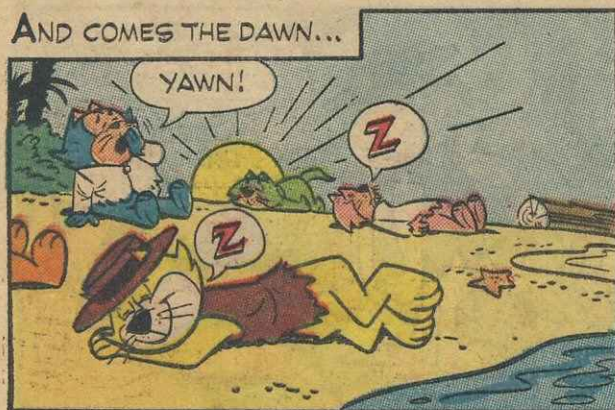


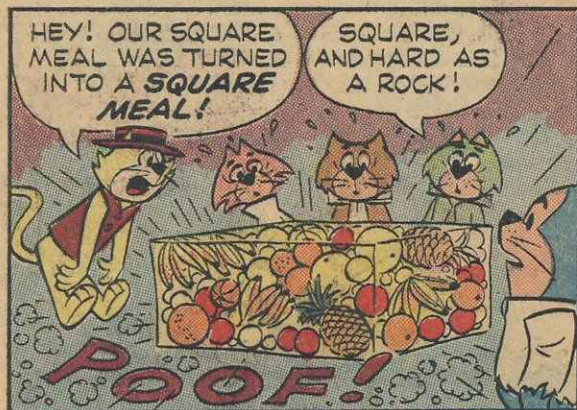


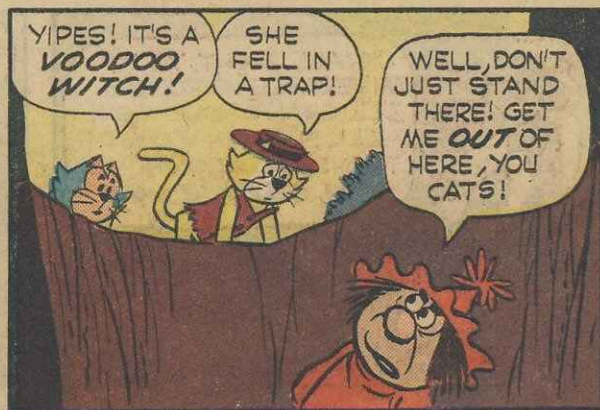


VOODOO ISLAND









VOODOO WITCHES CAN PERFORM ABOUT ANY KIND OF MAGIC EXCEPT BEING ABLE TO GET **THEMSELVES** OUT OF TRAPS!



AND, OF ALL THE BAD TRAITS THESE VOOODOO WITCHES HAVE, THEY ARE OBLIGATED TO DO FAVORS IN RETURN FOR ANY RECEIVED!



THAT DOES IT! MAYBE IF WE HELP HER GET **OUT** OF THAT TRAP, SHE'LL DO US THE FAVOR OF GETTING US SAFELY BACK HOME!

HM!



OKAY, BRAIN, IT'S WORTH A TRY!

I MUST FIRST GET HER WORD THAT SHE'LL HELP US BEFORE WE GET HER OUT OF THE TRAP!



THEN...

OH, ALL RIGHT, YOU MISERABLE INTRUDERS, I'LL GRANT YOUR WISH! I'LL FURNISH YOU WITH TRANSPORTATION HOME! NOW, **GET ME OUT!**



ALL TOGETHER, BOYS, **HEAVE...**

AH HAAA!



OOF!

SHE'S DISAPPEARED!

CACKLE!

POOF!

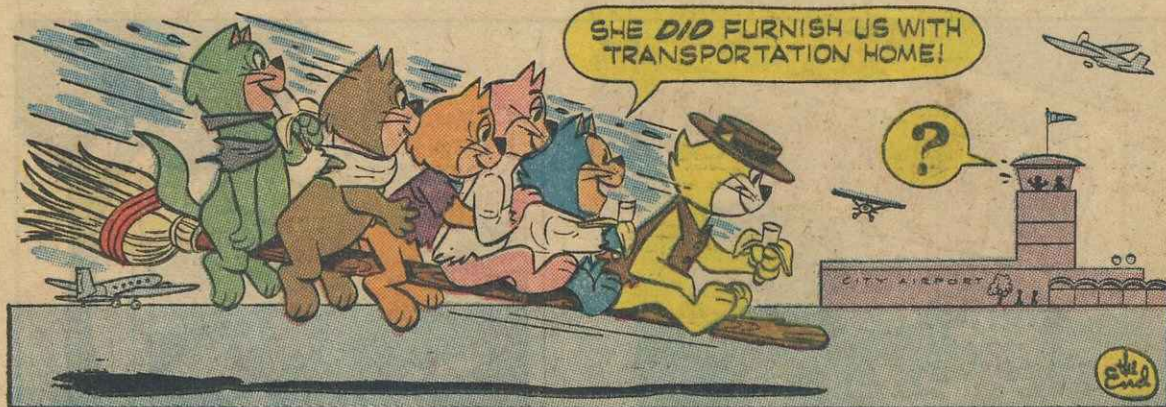
BUMP!



HEY! A ROPE IS TYING US UP!

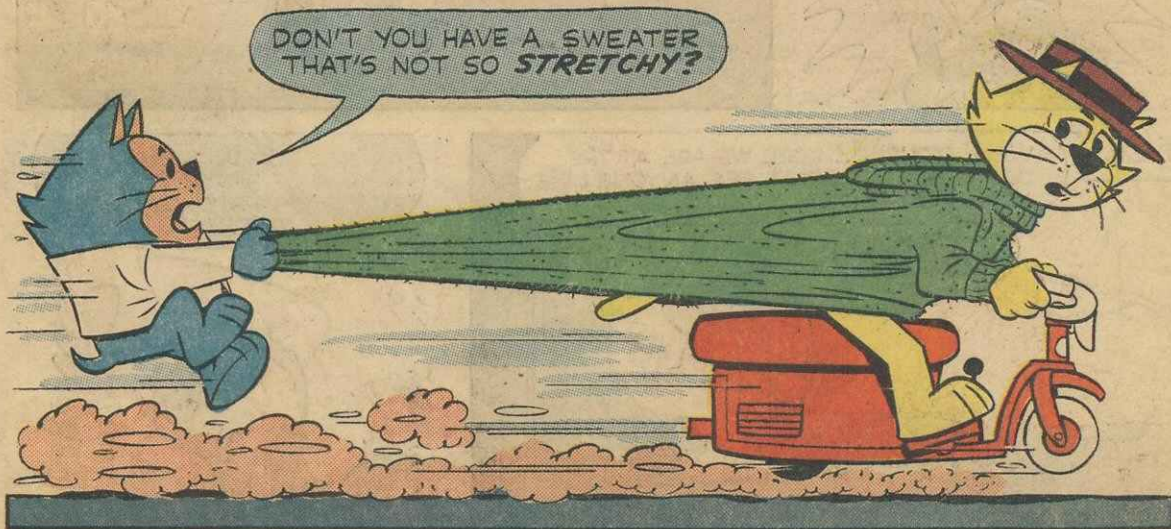
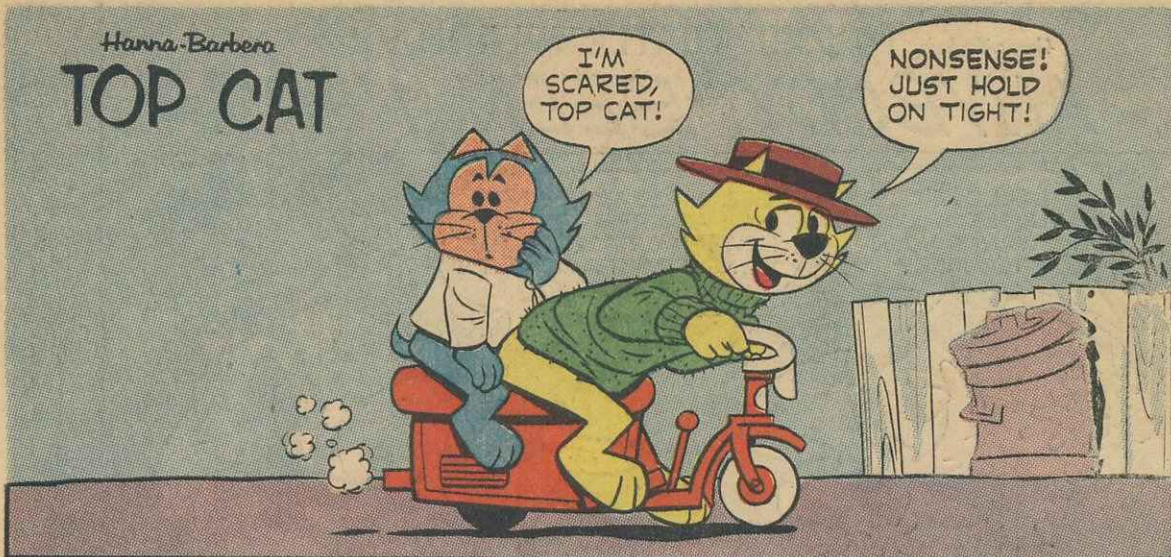
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!





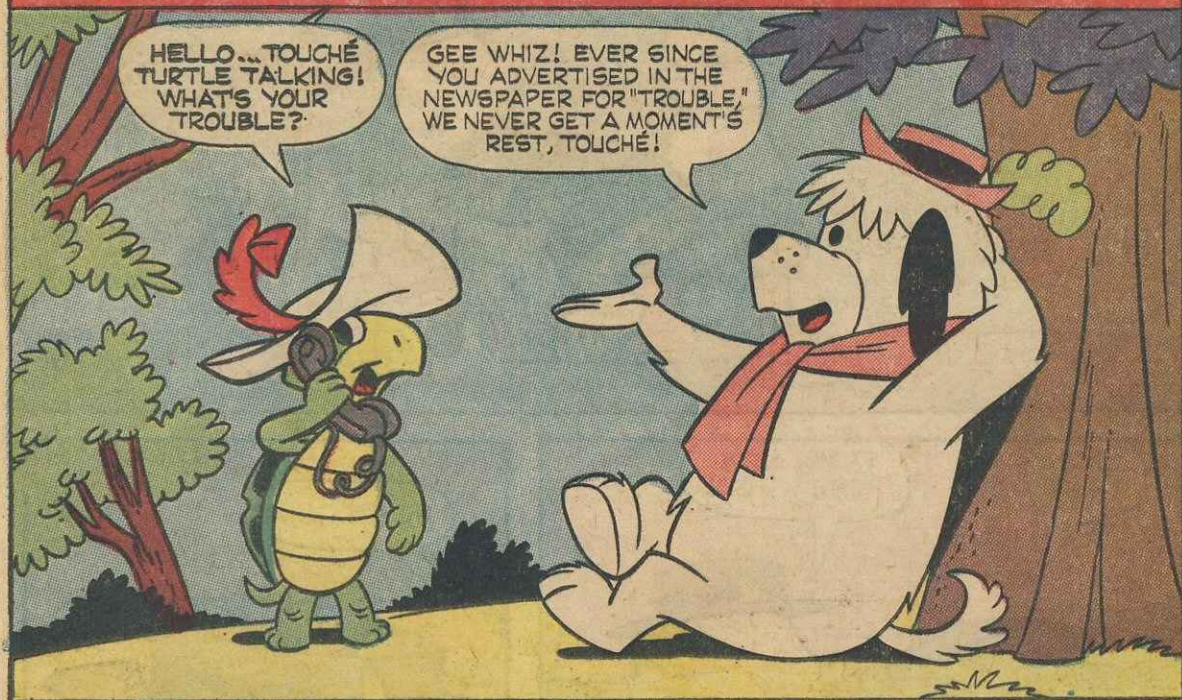


Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT



Hanna-Barbara

TOUCHÉ TURTLE and DUM DUM ANYBODY SEEN HERMAN?



HELLO... TOUCHÉ
TURTLE TALKING!
WHAT'S YOUR
TROUBLE?

GEE WHIZ! EVER SINCE
YOU ADVERTISED IN THE
NEWSPAPER FOR "TROUBLE,"
WE NEVER GET A MOMENT'S
REST, TOUCHÉ!



HELLO, THIS IS HERMAN
DOWN AT THE DOCKS... I'M
IN TROUBLE! I NEED HELP!



DON'T WORRY, HERMAN...
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

ME,
TOO!

TOUCHÉ
AND
AWAY!

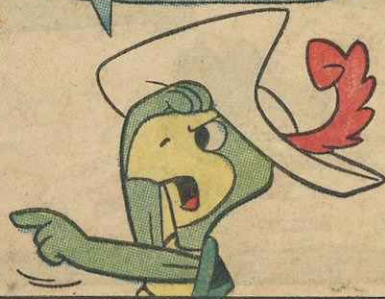


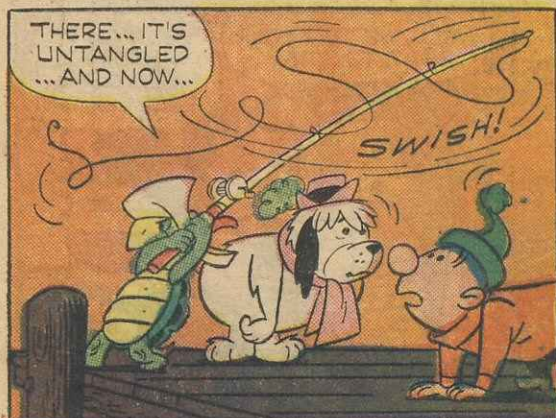
THEN...

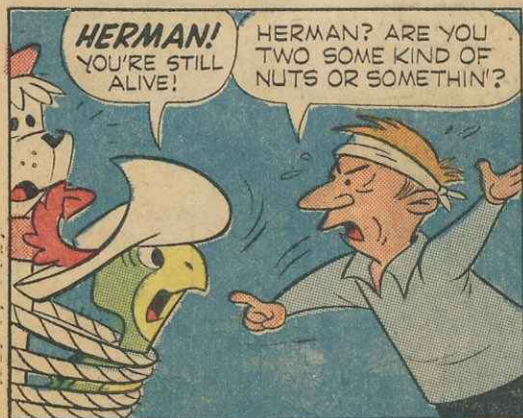
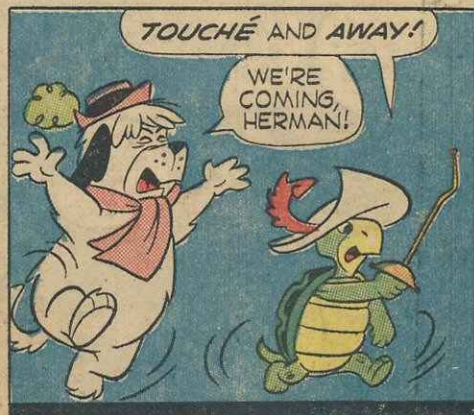
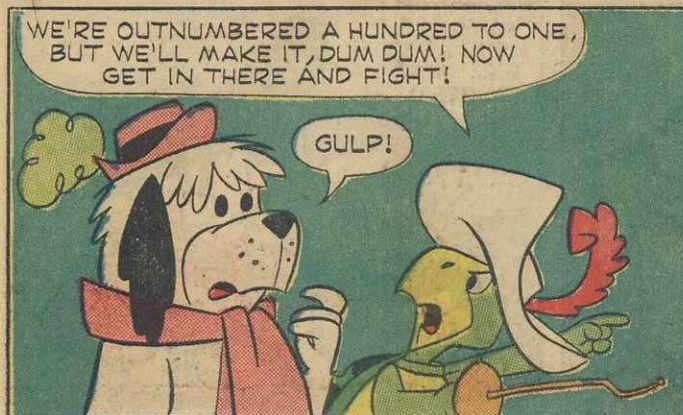
WELL, TOUCHÉ... HERE WE ARE AT THE
DOCKS - BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE LIKE
HERMAN! BESIDES... WHO IS HERMAN?

SOMEONE IN
TROUBLE!

AH-HA! DUM DUM... MY KEEN
SENSE OF SIGHT SAYS
THERE'S WHERE HERMAN
MUST BE!







AND...



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4359, Title 39, United States Code).

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D. Total no. of copies distributed. (sum of lines B1, B2 and C)	266,855	270,968

I CERTIFY THAT THE STATEMENTS MADE BY ME ABOVE ARE CORRECT AND COMPLETE.

H. L. ANDERSON



As they walked down Main Street, Yakky Doodle and Chopper paused in front of a bakery shop. In the window were cakes of all kinds and sizes . . . birthday cakes, too, gaily decorated and yummy looking.

"That reminds me," smiled Chopper, "my birthday is tomorrow." Pressing his nose against the window, he sighed, "I never have had a birthday cake. I wonder what it would be like."

"I never had one, either," said Yakky.

"Oh, well," shrugged Chopper, "they're only for humans, I guess."

"I guess," agreed little Yakky, and the two friends walked on.

Later, however, Yakky could not forget the wistful look on Chopper's face, when he had talked about the birthday cake.

"I have saved a yummy piece of sausage for Chopper's birthday," Yakky thought, "but he wants a cake more than anything else. What can I do?"

Yakky counted his pennies — they came to ten — and went back to the bakery shop.

"Can I buy a cake for this much?" he asked the bakerman.

"You can buy a slice of a big cake or a cupcake," replied the baker. "Which do you think you would like?"

Yakky chose the cupcake and carried it very carefully out of the store, so that he would not squash it.

"It's really very small," he thought, "but still it is a cake."

Just then, Fibber Fox appeared and made a grab for Yakky.

"Eek!" shrieked Yakky, jumping out of the way.

Fibber made another grab. Yakky jumped again. He escaped from Fibber; but he lost

the cupcake, as it flew from his hand.

"Got it!" grinned Fibber Fox, catching the cake in mid-air. "If I can't have you, I'll have this goodie, anyway," and he smacked his lips over it.

"Oh, dear," wailed Yakky, as he ran for home, "now I won't have any birthday cake at all for Chopper. What will I ever do?"

All that evening, Yakky pondered his problem, with no solution. The next morning, when he awoke, the world was covered with a fresh fluffy layer of snow. And suddenly, Yakky knew what he would do.

Before long, Yakky set out for Chopper's house carrying a big, lovely looking, fluffy white cake. Inside it, he had hidden the piece of sausage.

"For me?" exclaimed Chopper, when he saw the cake. "Aw, Yakky, you shouldn't have done it."

Chopper ran his finger over the fluffy cake and tasted it.

"Uh — it's cold and it melts in my mouth like — " he began.

"Snow?" asked Yakky. "Well, that's just what it is," he sighed. Then he told Chopper about Fibber Fox and the cupcake.

"Aw, that was too bad," clucked Chopper. "But don't you fret, li'l pal. This cake is wonderful!" and he stuck his finger in the fluff again to show Yakky he meant it.

Before long, Chopper had eaten enough of the snow to reveal the piece of sausage. At that, Chopper grinned in surprise, "Now ain't that cute! No one ever had a better birthday cake!"

"Did you really like it, Chopper?" Yakky asked eagerly. "Did you, huh?"

"Like it?" exclaimed Chopper. "You bet! Why, you might say it was so good, it really melted in my mouth," he chuckled.



OOPS! WRONG NUMBER!





AND...

BOY, THE SERGEANT FELL FOR IT
HOOK, LINE AND SINKER, FELLAS!
MAYBE HE'LL HAVE MORE RESPECT
FOR DIBBLE NOW!

HA! HA! HA!



OH-OH! LOOK OUT, BOYS...
HERE COMES DIBBLE!



LET'S LISTEN IN ON DIBBLE WHEN
HE CALLS THE SERGEANT TO
REPORT IN, BOYS!



I ALMOST HATE TO USE THIS
PHONE ANY MORE... I JUST KNOW
THE SERGEANT WILL GROWL WHEN
HE HEARS I DIDN'T PINCH THOSE
CATS!



HELLO, DIBBLE!
SAY, WHY DON'T
YOU DROP DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS
... I'VE GOT A
SURPRISE
FOR YOU!

HUH?



OH, DEAR - HE'S GOING TO FIRE ME
WITHOUT EVEN **KNOWING** I DIDN'T
PINCH THOSE CATS!

I CAN TELL BY
THE NICE TONE
IN HIS VOICE!



COME ON, BOYS, WE DESERVE TO
BE IN ON WATCHING DIBBLE GET HIS
PROMOTION!

YEA!

WOW!



AND...

COME
ON, BOYS!
SHHH...

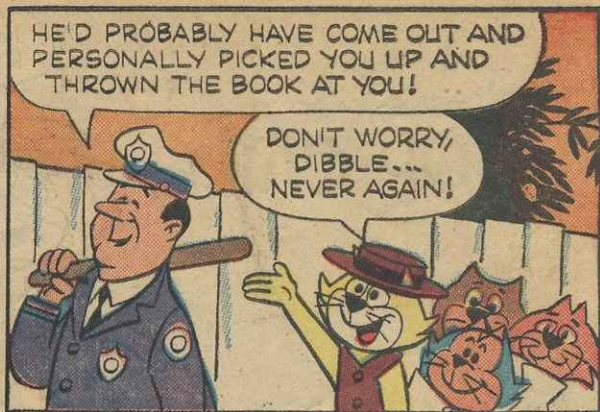
DIBBLE, OL' PAL! YOU'VE
BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME,
HAVEN'T YOU?

HUH?

POLICE
STATION







Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT

NO, I'M AFRAID THIS ISN'T THE
RIGHT SHADE OF GRAY, EITHER!



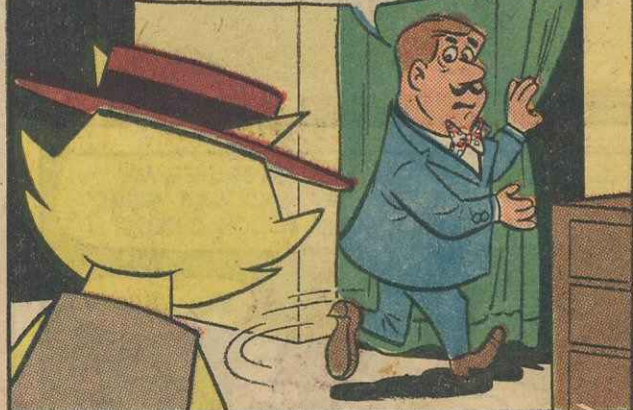
NOR
THAT...

NOR
THAT...

NOR
THAT...



ARE YOU EVER *PARTICULAR*
ABOUT YOUR CLOTHES! LET ME
LOOK IN MY LATEST SHIPMENT
FROM NEW YORK!



HEY! THAT'S *EXACTLY*
THE RIGHT SHADE!

WHEW!



BOY! YOU WOULDN'T
THINK *TRASH-CAN-GRAY*
WOULD BE SO
HARD TO MATCH!

